

## WOMAN'S HERALD

Devoted to the Household, the Fashions and the Activities of Women.

MARY MARSHALL, Editor.

DAILY DEPARTMENT OF THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

Correspondence is invited. Address all communications to the Woman's Editor of The Washington Herald.

MONDAY, AUGUST 2, 1915.

## "DRESS UP—IT WON'T RAIN."

"Be confident, express your optimism in your dress!"

"There's a tonic in new clothes." "Dress up—it won't rain." These are the catch phrases of the crusade that merchants in every part of the country are presently going to start. Their object, of course, is to increase their sales. But, like the recent selling campaign of the paint dealers who used the slogan "Brighten up," the idea is one that brings even greater returns to the one who heeds it than to the one who started it for his own benefit.

Show your gratitude toward your country, your thankfulness that we too are not engaged in deadly war, by being optimistic; and show that optimism by looking your best. This will mean prosperity for the merchants, it will mean more work and better wages for the girls and men who work for these merchants, it will mean fewer foreclosures and cases of bankruptcy. It will mean fewer bank disasters, and greater confidence generally. It will mean that the mills and factories will be kept busy, and that will mean that property will increase in value, that grocers will sell more of their wares, that there will be less sickness—it will mean in short just what prosperity always means.

The old idea of fostering economy was to hoard. In the Balkan states when trouble first broke out a year or so ago men and women took their gold and buried it in their back gardens. In time of impending financial panic there are always some unthinking persons who draw their money from the bank to put it in the proverbial "old stocking" for safe keeping. But these are methods of the stone age. The real way to work for prosperity is to be optimistic, to spend—not to excess, but as much as your means will allow.

"The purest, noblest woman that ever lived—my wife." No one who read these words, spoken by the unfortunate former police lieutenant who went to his death at Ossining, N. Y., last week, could help but feel the deepest admiration for the plucky little woman who had fought so bravely for her husband's life. By this time she has passed out of the spotlight of publicity. Her little part in the drama of current events is over, but her real fight has just begun—the fight against the reaction that is bound to come now that she knows that all her struggle was in vain.

Sometimes we hear it said that women, being men's inferiors, are incapable of the true kind of loyalty and that they do not possess so high an order of moral courage as men. And then we turn to characters like the wife of the one-time police lieutenant, or the mother of Harry Thaw and wonder how such statements can be made. For what this wife has done for her husband it is in the heart of thousands of women in the country to do should the occasion arise, and the faithful white-haired mother of Harry Thaw is but a type of the fortitude and courage that every true mother has it in her to spend for her children.

## FAMOUS WOMAN HER BIRTHDAY AND YOURS

August 2—Elizabeth Orne White.

Elizabeth Orne White was born August 2, 1856, in Keene, New Hampshire, and gained distinction in the last half of the last century as a writer, signing herself frequently with the pen name "Alex." Probably the best known of her writings are "The Browning Courtship" and "A Little Girl of Long Ago."

Today is the anniversary of the birth of the late Queen Emma, mother of the present Queen Wilhelmina, of the Netherlands. Emma was a German princess and a pretty story is told that when her husband refused to marry the old King of the Netherlands, whose reputation was none too good, she made the remark that if she had had the opportunity to be queen she would never have declined it. The remark was overheard and carried to the royal court, who immediately transferred her to the less favored sister. She proved to be a devoted and happy wife and, in spite of the fact that she always butchered their "beautiful language," she was exceedingly popular with the people of her adoption. After the death of the King, William III, in 1890, she became regent of the Netherlands and remained in that office till the majority of her daughter, Queen Wilhelmina.

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## THINGS IN THE SHOPS THAT TEMPT YOU



Fashions come and fashions go, but the discriminating woman never gives up the dainty negligee, and the boudoir cap still holds a place in every woman's wardrobe. The matinee and cap on the left are of lavender crepe de chine and lace, trimmed with chiffon flowers. The quaint little cape on the right is fashioned of gray taffeta silk with many ruffles. The picture hat is of black georgette crepe and pink roses.



Newest of all the silk sweaters is one that shows the use of white fur as a border about the skirt and for cuffs and collar. Such a garment would be useful all winter.

Suggestive of the veiled headress of the Orient is this hat—only here, instead of showing the eyes and hiding the mouth, this toque does quite the reverse.



The detachable silk coats that are worn with light summer frocks are especially smart. Notice the high collar cut in one piece with the rest of the coat.

## HOUSE-WIVES DAILY ECONOMY CALENDAR



## LET FISH SAVE THE MEAT BILL.

It is an often mentioned fact that much fish is cheaper than most meat, and that housewives in every locality could keep their bills for meat down if they made more liberal use of local fish in season. Because the sort of fish available at a reasonable price varies in different localities, it is impossible to give statistics concerning the possible saving, but each housekeeper can work these out to her own satisfaction.

Here are some interesting fish recipes that can be made to utilize various sorts of fish.

Fish puddings are good for utilizing almost any firm-fleshed fish, preferably of the white type. To make one, follow this recipe:

Mash a pound of boiled fish until it is fine, and then rub it through a coarse wire sieve. Make a smooth white sauce of half a cupful of rich milk, half a tablespoonful of flour and a tablespoonful of a half of butter, and season it with salt, pepper and onion juice. Add two well-beaten eggs when the sauce is taken from the fire, stir in well, and add the fish. Put in a buttered mould or bowl and place the mould or bowl in a pan containing water that reaches well up on the mould. Bake for half an hour in a slow oven that keeps the water just below the boiling point. Turn out, and sprinkle with minced parsley. Serve with caper sauce.

Another good sauce to serve with this pudding or with any boiled fish is made by adding two beaten egg yolks and the juice of a quarter of a lemon to two cupfuls of cream sauce.

When making fish croquettes from any sort of boiled fish add a third the bulk of the fish in mashed potatoes.

A fish pie is a delicacy that any one can make for the making. Bake a pie crust until just done in a deep earthen dish. Then fill with chopped boiled fish and the contents of a can of shrimps, a little white sauce, and some lemon juice or grated lemon peel. Cover with a top crust and bake for fifteen or twenty minutes, until the top crust is done.

Fish salad, too, can be made of any sort of left-over fish, broiled or boiled. Flake the fish, removing skin and bones, and let it stand in French dressing on the ice for half an hour. Then sprinkle it lightly over lettuce leaves, and add minced green and red sweet peppers or finely minced celery hearts to it.

## DAILY FASHION NOTE

The stars incline, but do not compel. Monday, August 2, 1915.

Good and evil contend for power today, according to the interpretations of the astrologers. Neptune, Uranus and Mars are all in evil place, while the Sun and Saturn are in benefic aspect.

It is a fairly auspicious time to seek new positions or to ask for increase of wages, but he who is wise will be slow to demand large returns for work.

The Sun has an aspect presaging extraordinary success for financiers and manufacturers. Immense gains are foretold in certain quarters and much industrial discontent in others.

A strike unique in the history of labor contests is prognosticated. It will involve many persons and assume an international significance. It will not develop until early fall.

Predictions that a society woman would attain honors in a manner little expected are again repeated by a French astrologer. This woman, it is said, is rather eccentric, middle-aged and independent. She is a resident of New York, the seersess declares.

This should be a favorable day for all transactions in which metals or the products of the Earth are concerned. Great riches will be discovered somewhere in the United States at a time when they will have a special significance in the history of this country.

Gain for shoemakers, harnessmakers and all who deal in leather again is prognosticated.

This should be a lucky day for leasing property or entering into agreements or contracts.

## HOROSCOPE.

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## Aunt Chatty's Mothers' Club

Conducted by Mrs. Charity Brush

## THE BACKWARD CHILD

THIS is a real Mothers' Club, for the benefit of mothers everywhere who are struggling with questions of discipline, training, education, clothing, for the children. Write to Aunt Chatty of problems which are vexing you, and she will advise and help you to a solution of them. Write to her, too, of your own discoveries, of methods you have found successful in smoothing the rough paths of life for the tender, childish feet, that through the Mothers' Club your experience may be of benefit to other mothers who are still tangled in the web of perplexity you have so happily unraveled.

Co-operation is the secret of success in any business; so why not in the business of motherhood, that highest and holiest calling which always has been and always will be woman's crown of glory, no matter what other avenues of usefulness may be opened to her? Address Mrs. Charity Brush, care of this paper.

It is a great grief to parents to have a child that is "backward"—less developed mentally than other children of his age. Of course we want to be ashamed of nothing which need cause us to despair that the ordinary, slow-developed child will not in time be as well informed as his neighbors. The important thing for a parent to know is that we must not discourage him and make his case hopeless by ridicule or scolding. It may be a comfort, too, to know that some of the great men of the world have taken a late start in their development. The celebrated Dr. Joseph Wright, for instance, professor of comparative philology at the University of Oxford, England, was a mill hand at the age of sixteen and still unable to read and write.

A mother in a New England town wrote me recently:

"Dear Aunt Chatty: I have been reading the Mothers' Club papers in the newspaper, and I have been made to feel that maybe you could advise us about our boy. Joe is fourteen years old and has gone to school since he was eight. He is still in the grade, because he will not learn to read, and he is the worst speller I ever saw. I tell him he can't spell the 'an.' He has school, but I make him go because I can't bear that any of our family should be dullards. Is there anything we can do to make him ambitious to learn?"

I was interested in this letter particularly because I had been reading lately about the experiments in psychology in the University of Pennsylvania which seem to hold a promise of happiness for the parents of backward children.

The department of psychology undertook to examine a number of children who had been unable to make the same progress in school as the others of the same age, and they were given a physical and mental examination. Specialists in diseases of the eye, the ear, the nose, the throat, or in nervous disorders were engaged to examine the children and recommend medical treatment if it was needed and to confer with parents and teachers to find the best way to each case.

Many wonderful discoveries were made; that bad spelling was sometimes caused by defective eyesight, stammering is the result of a nervous shock, and so on. Almost all cases of backward children can be traced to wrong treatment by the parents or wrong teaching in school.

I was talking with a physician about this very subject after I had become interested, and he told me he had belonged to this class of children. He said he could read quite well when he started to school, but he was a bashful child and the strange surroundings of the schoolroom made him very uncomfortable. The teacher—it was a small town where everybody knew everybody else—knew he could read and so, to show him off, he called on him the first of the class. He was frightened at being thus singled out before so many strange children and could not rise in his seat. Thinking he was merely obstinate, she called him out before the others and struck him out handsomely with the ruler. He cried hysterically that he had to be sent home.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. H. S. D. writes: "I cannot break my little girl of biting her finger nails. What makes her do it and how shall I stop it?"

Biting the finger nails sometimes indicates an unhealthy nervous condition which may have been brought on by low vitality or failure to get proper nourishment from the food. I would see if she is all right physically, first. If there is nothing the matter with her and the biting is merely a nervous habit, try keeping her nails dipped in bitter aloes. She will soon leave off biting them when her attention is concentrated on the habit by the disagreeable taste.

Mrs. U. D. B. writes: "We are going for a trip to the California Exposition and I am going to take my little seven-year-old girl with me. What kind of dresses would be best to take for her?"

If I were traveling with a child of that age I should have a number of simply made seersucker frocks for her. These can be washed out quickly when soiled and do not need ironing, so that your laundry problem is minimized. With a warm coat to wear over them in the evenings and on cool days she will be amply provided for.

HER CLOTHES—AND HIS. By DOROTHY DOUGLAS. (Copyright, 1915.)

Ruby Wells jumped up hurriedly when the train pulled into the station at New Rochelle. The crowd of week-end visitors filled the aisles and Ruby was only one of hundreds who picked up a suit case and escaped to the less crowded platform.

Mrs. Hobbes was at the station to meet her. When their greeting was over, hostess and guest jumped into a waiting car and were whirled away over the country roads.

John Wade and his host Billy Avery had also jumped from the same train and were likewise whirled over the country roads toward the Avery house.

"What's doing tonight?" asked Wade, rather unusual to have to bring dress clothes and a bow tie to a country place.

"Dinner at the Sutcliffe's—fashionable people you know—and the big dance at the club."

"Are there some good-looking girls in store?"

"Sure, and I understand from my wife that Mrs. Hobbes has a peach out with her this week. You'll meet her anyway."

Wade lifted up a gown of exquisite light chiffon. His heart tripped up several beats when he carefully took out the next garments. They were of foamy white and all drawn with creamy satin ribbons. It seemed to Wade that so many fluffy bows were quite unnecessary yet Wade drew in a deep breath of some delicate scent that clung to each garment.

Next there was a pair of yellow slippers. And last of all, he picked up a wreath of small yellow buds and a creamy pearl peeped from the center of each.

"What a regular party you must be!" Wade sank on the couch beside the feminine apparel and felt a peculiar intimacy with the gown of the suit case. "I could kick myself for a blind idiot for having unconsciously deprived you of all these."

He looked at the initials on the back of the silver brush. "R. W." could stand for most any kind of a girl, but I hope your hair is red—that gorgeous sparkling red. I would like to place this wreath on it this minute. If ever we parted, I will never forgive you for having black hair to wear with this costume."

A knock sounded on Wade's door. Avery's head popped in. "Oh, I say—aren't you nearly ready? What in the 'Yes—oh, yes—I'm ready—just come in an' have a look at what I've brought in the way of evening clothes for the dinner at the Sutcliffe's."

"Great Scott, man! We are almost due at the Sutcliffe's now."

"I'm sorry, old man, but you will have to go without me. I've picked up the wrong bag in that beastly crowded train!"

Avery's sense of humor prevailed. He roared, Wade joined in.

"I'll go and speak to my wife," laughed Avery. "We'll have to fix you up somehow. I think my wife's father had a dress cut at one time. He was some thirty pounds smaller than you."

"Best it," put in Wade. "I'll not go to a dinner in somebody's hand-me-downs!"

"You've got to! Mrs. Sutcliffe would never forgive my wife if she saw the cause of an empty chair at one of her dinners!"

Wade sighed hopelessly as Billy Avery made his exit, laughing uproariously.

Meantime Mrs. Hobbes sat on the edge

of the bed in her guest chamber and talked through tears and laughter to the huddled mass of femininity that was Ruby Wells.

"You must go, Ruby. She would never forgive me. My red dress won't look so bad—"

"Alice Hobbes! How can you sit there and suggest that I wear brilliant damask red with this scarlet hair mine—besides—we would have to use a dozen safety pins!" Ruby Wells would have resorted to tears, but for the effect on nose and eyes. Underneath all for Ruby of the situation was trembling into mirth. Finally she laughed.

"All right, Alice—make a scarecrow of me if you want to. I'll do as you say and if I don't make an impression on some man it won't be your fault."

Alice went off smilingly to get her evening dress and slippers for her guest.

Ruby picked up an immaculate pair of dress trousers. "Humph! You are nice and big anyway—I'm awfully sorry I was so perfectly silly as to take up the wrong suit case. I rather like your pearl studs."

She picked up a large box of candy. "I've a good notion to give this to Alice. The one in my own case it exactly the same, and you could give mine to your hostess."

A half hour later, the guests at Mrs. Sutcliffe's well-bred house were looking up in amazement as Mrs. Hobbes and her guest were announced. They had had a similar shock when Billy Avery entered with John Wade.

The latter looked up at Mrs. Ruby Wells entered and was being introduced.

"Great Scott! What exasperating taste!" he whispered to Mrs. Avery. "And look at the bang of the dress—it takes up in front—"

"Rather the same effect as your vest isn't it?" covertly suggested Avery.

"And it's pinned in at the waist—I know—went on Wade, waxing into a white heat. "Is this the peach you spoke of?"

"Must be—Even Avery was taken aback. "Sh! Here she is."

"Hello, Billy!" Mrs. Hobbes shook hands with Wade. The introductions took place and Wade made a dash for Ruby Wells at his side. He couldn't help himself from falling into the snare of her charm. It would have been there if her gown had been yellow, red and green mixed.

"I understand we are to be dinner partners," she said with a twinkle gleaming from the deep gray of her eyes.

"She cast a quizzical glance below Wade's arm and hand projecting below Wade's coat sleeve. Another glance traveled over the shoulders which strove to proclaim their breadth notwithstanding the meager proportions of the coat."

"She looked up again and their eyes met. Both strove to quell the laughter, but it was too much. They laughed until every one in the room cast startled glances in their direction."

"That are we laughing at?" asked Ruby when John Wade's eyes had recovered their mockery and her own had grown questioning.

"To be frank, Miss Wells," said Wade, "I laughed because your eyes made me—well, because you are so hopelessly—well, out of harmony with the clothes you have on."

Ruby bit her lips. She was so serious and apologetic.

"If I am out of harmony—you must be out of tune. If I may have the impertinence to suggest it—a light blue might coat that coat of yours to meet."

"That's right, laugh at a fellow because he has had the misfortune to pick up the wrong suit case!"

"Suit case!" cried Ruby. "Are you the poor man whose bag I ran off with?"

"I beg your pardon—I ran off with yours."

"Oh, very well—as the suit fits—"

"But it doesn't!"

"They laughed again."

"And is my perfectly good maize-colored gown—"

"Well, I would have said the things were yellow."

He stopped confused. The slow color mounted in Ruby's cheeks. Try as he might, Wade could not turn his eyes from the exquisite beauty of his guest.

"I had pictured—just you—in that maize-colored gown," said Wade.

"And perhaps," said Ruby, "I had pictured—just you—in that evening suit."

Dinner was announced. Ruby and Wade arose and she put her hand on his arm.

Toward the end of dinner Ruby refused near Wade and whispered, "I leave absolutely to go to that dance tonight in this dress."

"So do I—in these clothes. But listen. Immediately after dinner I will order a carriage and you and I will make a hasty exit. I will explain the circumstances to Mrs. Sutcliffe."

"What are you going to explain?" asked Ruby with wide open eyes.

"That you and I are going to make ourselves presentable before the dance."

Two hours later Wade strolled impatiently about the drawing room at the Hobbes home. He had already already immaculately set tie and glanced at the perfect fit of his own evening clothes.

Presently he heard a soft little swish on the upper landing of the stairs, and he went to the hall to meet Ruby Wells.

His eyes lit up as she came down the stairs. The soft gown clung in graceful folds and her glorious Titian hair was crowned by a wreath of buds from which the pearls peeped.

He took her hand as she came to the last step. "I cannot tell you how beautiful you are," he said while a slight tremor shook his head.

Ruby was on a level with him now and her large gray eyes lingered shyly on his face. The unspeakable answer was in her eyes.

TOMORROW'S MENU.

"We had delicate cucumbers stuffed with forcemeat."—Thackeray.

BREAKFAST.

Shred Buttermilk.

Cereal and Cream.

Waffles and Honey.

Coffee.

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER.

Old Ham.

Stuffed Cabbage.

Lettuce Sandwiches.

Fruit.

DINNER.

Lettuce Soup.

Beef Pot Roast.

Browned Potatoes.

Stuffed Corn.

Tomato Salad.

Blueberry Pudding.

Quick waffles—One pint of milk, half a cupful of butter, flour enough to make a soft batter, a pinch of salt and whites of three eggs beaten separately and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat thoroughly until smooth and bake in waffle iron.

Potato purée—Season two cupfuls of cold mashed potatoes with salt and pepper to taste. Add enough milk to moisten and two eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately. Keep out three spoonfuls of beaten egg and pour the rest of the mixture into a buttered baking dish. Spread the egg over it and bake a light brown.

Blueberry pudding—Mix thoroughly two cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter, a cupful of milk and a cupful of blueberries, over which a tablespoonful of flour has been sifted. Pour into a buttered pan and steam for an hour and a half. Serve with a hot sauce.

## Pictorial Review Patterns

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West Orange, N. J., August 1.—The local company of Boy Scouts has killed more than 15,000 flies, thus winning a silver cup for swatting flies.

Corona, N. Y., August 1.—Andrew Schoeller, when five holes were dug in his lawn, placed a son in each hole and called the electric company to plant their poles.

An attractive lingerie frock is of fine voile with braid embroideries.

Despite the return of old favorites in wash fabrics, sheer voile holds its own in the realm of the lingerie frock. The best models show it elaborated with fine braid embroideries that are frequently interspersed with lace motifs or hand-wrought designs.

As pictured, the gown is of white voile. Spaced tucks encircle the wide skirt, the fullness of the upper section being partly confined by pockets, which are made the cause for decorative braid work.